Loyalty Rewarded;

OR, A

POEM

UPON THE

Brace of BUCKS

Beſtowed upon the *Loyal Apprentices*, by

His Majeſty.

3. August 1681

Written by an APPRENTICE.

WHAT more can Man expect from Majeſty,
Than Thanks, acknowledging their Loyalty?
The beſt of Subjects have been ſtill content,
Without Reward, with the Acknowledgement;
And Thanks alone have been an Obligation,
To keep Men firm unto their Loyal Station:
But when a Prince doth condeſcend ſo low,
And on his Subjects *THANKS* and *GIFTS* beſtow,
What Obligations then on Men do lie,
To be his *Loyal Subjects* till they die,
And value *Lives* leſs than their *Loyalty*?
T'oppoſe all Faction, and to ſtake their Lives,
As conſtant Guards to his *Prerogatives*,
And let not Threats deterr, nor Promiſe bribe
From Loyalty, to ſerve the *Factious Tribe*.
For did not *Sacred Writ* and Laws decree,
Yet this Great Favour binds their Loyalty:
This is our Caſe, and thus we ought to be:
For whilſt with humbleſt Thoughts and Hearts no leſs,
We to Great *CHARLES* preſented our *Addreſs*,
Hoping that Heaven's *Vice-Gerent* bore the Nature
Of God, the World, and Greateſt Kings Creator;
Humbly imploring that he would accept,
Inſtead of pay, the Acknowledgement oth' Debt:
And to his Sacred Years did humbly call
For Patience, till we could diſcharge it all;
And though our poor *Addreſs* came late, however,
We did imagine, better late than never;
And ſince we could not in the *Front* appear,
We're humbly content to bring up the *Rear*;
Though others may be Abler, Wiſer, and more Free,
Yet none alive are Loyaller than We;

Who ſtill are ready to lay down our Lives
In vindicating his *Prerogatives*:
Hoping that he, like Heaven, would requite
With equal Hand the Treaſure and the Mite:
For though our poor Abilities were ſmall,
Yet with Sincerity we gave our *ALL*.
And on our Bended Knees we did implore,
To find Acceptance, and durſt ask no more;
Which to our Joy, juſt as we did believe,
In hopes we waited, and did Thanks receive,
Being proſtrate at His Feet, He did command
Us to ariſe, and offer'd us his Hand,
Which each one humbly kiſs'd, and on it ſwore
To the Contents read i'th *Addreſs* before.
Thus being Honour'd in the *Council Room*,
Full fraught with Joy we came rejoycing Home;
Telling our Fellows of our Great Reſpect,
Being more by far than any could expect:
Yet our Good *Prince* being willing to advance
Our *Loyalty* and firm *Allegiance*;
And that our Joy the Greater might appear,
Hath on us now beſtow'd a Brace of *Deer*:
And nothing's wanting now but *Dialect*,
T' expreſs our unexpreſſible Reſpect;
Wee'd willingly ſurround the World's Vaſt Banks,
To find a Language to expreſs our Thanks;
But 'tis in vain, the Honour is ſo Great,
It only runs us farther in that Debt,
Which to our Grief we're never like to pay,
Yet will acknowledge till our Dying Day:
But ſince we can't; that Heaven will requite,
Shall be our conſtant Pray'rs both Day and Night;
And as Acknowledgements the Gifts ſhall be
The *Hieroglyphicks* of our *Loyalty*.
The *Deer's* Majeſtick Carriage ſtill ſhall be
The Lively *Effigies* of *MAJESTY*.
His Srong Couragious Horns ſtill repreſents
Bold Hearts, Strong Arms, Couragious Intents,
To Guard the Royal *CHARLES* from *Male-contents*.
His haſty Steps, and ſwifter Feet ſtill ſhows
Not how to ſhun, but to purſue our Foes.
In ſhort, each part ſhall fully put to View,
Great *CHARLES*, the Duty that we owe to You;
Who, like ſtrong Guards, Your *Perſon* will ſurround,
To keep You ſafe from each *Malicious Hound*.
Our Swords, when e're Occaſion ſerves ſhall be
Like Horns to Puſh and Gore the Enemy.
Whilſt of Your Bounty we will make Good Cheer,
And drink Your Health over the *Slaughter'd Deer*,
Humbly imploring Heav'n to ſhower down
Perpetual Joys upon Your Sacred *CROWN*,
Still Glorious, like the Sun, may *CHARLES* appear,
Till Heaven removes Him to a *Nobler Sphere*.

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